

H A M L E T,
P R I N C E
O F 1507/787
D E N M A R K.
A
T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. W^m. SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N,
Printed for T. JOHNSON.

M. D C C. X X.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *Son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANS,

GUILDENSTERN,

} Courtiers.

OSRICK, *a Fop.*

MARCELLUS, *an Officer.*

BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO,

} two Soldiers.

REYNOLDO, *Servant to Polonius.*

GHOST of Hamlet's Father.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius, belov'd by Hamlet.*

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE ELFINOOR





H A M L E T, P R I N C E of D E N M A R K.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

SCENE *An open place before the
Palace.*

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

B E R N A R D O.

W Ho's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold
your self.

Ber. Long live the King.

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

A 2

Ber.

HAMLET, Prince of

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, *Francisco*.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand; who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground

Mar. And Liege-men to the *Dane*.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good night.

[*Ex. Francisco.*]

Mar. Holla, *Bernardo*

Ber. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*, welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our phantasie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;

Therefore I have intreated him along,

With us, to watch the minutes of this night:

That if again this Apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor.



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Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When you same Star, that's westward from the Pole,
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of Heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
The Bell then beating one—

Mar. Peace, break thee off;
Look where it comes again.

Enter the Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholar, speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: It harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, *Horatio*

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which, the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? By Heav'n I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! It stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; speak: I charge thee speak.

[*Exit Ghost:*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? You tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than phantasmie?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self.

A 3

Such

Such was the very Armour he had on,
 When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
 So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
 He smote the fledged Pole-axe on the ice.
 'Tis strange—

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this same hour,
 With martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
 But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
 This boads some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
 Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
 So nightly toils the subject of the Land?
 And why such daily cast of brazen Cannon
 And foreign mart for implements of War?
 Why such Impress of Shipwrights, whose sore task
 Does not divide the Sunday from the Week?
 What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
 Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?
 Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I:

At least the whisper goes so. Our last King,
 Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,
 Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
 (Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride)
 Dar'd to the combat. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
 (For so this side of our known World esteem'd him)
 Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by seal'd Compact,
 Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
 Did forfeit, with his life, all those his Lands
 Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
 Against the which, a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*.
 Had he been Vanquisher: as by the same Cov'nant
 And carriage of the article design'd,

His

His fell to *Hamlet*. Now Sir, young *Fortinbras*,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
 Shark'd up a List of landleis Resolutes,
 For food and dyet; to some entreprize
 That hath a stomach in't: which is no other,
 And it doth well appear unto our State,
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid Lands
 So by his Father lost. And this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste, and romage in the Land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so:
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our Watch so like the King,
 That was, and is the question of these Wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and flourishing State of *Rome*,
 A little e're the mightiest *Julius* fell,
 The graves stood tenantleis, and the sheeted Dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets;
 Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
 Disasters veil'd the Sun; and the moist Star,
 Upon whose influence *Neptunus's* Empire stands,
 Was sick almost to Dooms-day with eclipse,
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As Harbingers preceding still the Fates,
 And prologue to the omen coming on,
 Have Heav'n and Earth together demonstrated
 Unto our Climatures and Country-men.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold? Lo, where it comes again!

A 4

I'll

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, Illusion!

[*Spreading his Arms.*]

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me;
Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy Country's Fate,
Which happily we fore-knowing may avoid,
Oh speak!—

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the womb of Earth, [*Cock Crows.*]
For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it; Stay, and speak— Stop it, *Marcellus*—

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here—

Hor. 'Tis here—

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[*Ex. Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so Majestical,
To offer it the shew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day: and at his warning,
Whether in sea, or fire, in earth, or air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,

The

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The Bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no Spirit dares walk abroad.
The nights are wholesome then, no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the Morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our Watch up, and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young *Hamlet*: For upon my life,
This Spirit dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray: and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently, [Exeunt.

S C E N E I I.

The Palace.

*Enter the King, Queen, Ophelia, Hamlet,
Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Corne-
lius, Lords and Attendants.*

King.

Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brother's death,
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen,

A 5

Th

Th' Imperial Jointress of this warlike State,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
 Inequal scale weighing delight and dole,
 Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along. For all our thanks.
 Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
 Or thinking by our late dear Brother's death,
 Our State to be disjoint, and out of frame,
 Collogued with this dream of his advantage;
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those Lands
 Lost by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
 To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.
 Now for our self, and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 (Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
 Of this his Nephew's purpose) to suppress
 His further garr here in: In that the Levies,
 The lists and full proportions are all made
 Out of his Subjects. And we here dispatch
 You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
 For bearing of this greeting to old *Norway*:
 Giving to you no further personal Power
 Of treaty with the King, more than the scope
 Of these dilated Articles allow.

Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt in nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now *Laertes*, what's the News with you?

You told us of some suit; What is't, *Laertes*?

You

You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the Throne of *Denmark*, to thy Father.
 What wouldst thou have, *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
 From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*,
 To shew my duty in your Coronation:
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rds *France*,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Father's leave? what says *Polonius*? (leave;

Pol. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow
 By laboursome petition, and at last
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
 I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And our best graces; spend it at thy will.
 But now, my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my Son —

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
 Seek for thy noble Father in the dust.
 Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
 Passing through Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;
 Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? Nay, it is; I know not seems.
 'Tis

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good Mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy sulpiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
 For they are actions that a Man might pla;
 But I have that within, which passeth show:
 These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe,

King 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature

Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your Father:
 But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
 That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
 In filial obligation, for some term
 To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
 In obstinate condolment, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief;
 It shews a will most incorrect to Heav'n,
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple, and unschool'd.
 For what we know must be, and is as common,
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'Tis a fault to Heav'n,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first coarse, 'till he that died to-day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us,
 As of a Father: For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne;
 And with no less nobility of love,
 Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,

Do

Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to School to *Wittemberg*,
It is most retrograde to our desire :

And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*,
I prithee stay with us; go not to *Wittemberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Wh' 'tis a loving, and a fair reply:
Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam, come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*,
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouse, the Heav'n shall bruit again,
Re speaking earthly Thunder. Come away,

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve it self into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His cannon 'gainst self slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature
Possess it meerly. That it should come to this;
But two months dead; nay, not so much; not two, —
So excellent a King (that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr) so loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the winds of Heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and Earth!
Must I remember? — why she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown

By

By what it fed on ; and yet within a month ? —
 Let me not think on't — Frailty, thy name is Woman!
 A little month ! — or e'er those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor Father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears — Why she, even she, —
 O Heav'n ! A Beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would have mourn'd longer — Married with mine Uncle,
 My Father's Brother ; but no more like my Father,
 Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month ! —
 E're yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets :
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I'm glad to see you well ;

Horatio, or I do forget my self.

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor Servant
 ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I'll change that name
 with you :

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio* ?

Marcellus ! —

Mar. My good Lord —

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good even, Sir.

But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg* ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so ;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it trust of your own report
 Against your self. I know you are no Truant ;

But

But what is your affair in *Elfsnoor*?

We'll teach you to drink deep e're you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, Fellow Student;
I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon't.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*: The Funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly turnish forth the Marriage Tables.

Would I had met my dearest Foe in Heav'n,

E're I had ever seen that day, *Horatio*.

My Father,— Oh, methinks I see my Father.

Hor. O where, my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a Man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! Who?—

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver

Upon the witness of these Gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Ham. For Heav'n's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,

Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their Watch,

In the dead waste and middle of the night,

Been thus encountred. A figure like your Father,

Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a pe*,

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,

Within his Truncheon's length; whilst they, be-still'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me

In

In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
 And I with them the third night kept the Watch ,
 Where , as they had deliver'd both in time ,
 Form of the thing , each word made true and good ,
 The Apparition comes. I knew your Father :
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My Lord , upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My Lord , I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once methought
 It lifted up its head , and did address
 It self to motion , like as it would speak :
 But even then , the morning Cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haile away ,
 And vanish from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live , my honour'd Lord , 'tis true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed , indeed , Sirs , but this troubles me.
 Hold you the Watch to-night ?

Both. We do , my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd , say you ?

Both. Arm'd , my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Both. My Lord , from head to foot.

Ham. I then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O yes , my Lord , he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What , look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale , or red ?

Hor. Nay , very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like; staid it long? [dread.

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hun-

Mar. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisly?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life. A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' Hell it self should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves: so, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [Exeunt.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: Farewel.
My Father's Spirit in Arms! All is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come;
'Till then sit still, my Soul; foul deeds will rise,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them from mens eyes.
[Exit.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My Necessaries are imbar'd, farewell.
And Sister, as the Winds give benefit,
And Convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A Violet in the youth of primy Nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting

The suppliance of a minute ; no more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :

For Nature crescent does not grow alone,
In thews and bulk ; but as this Temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no foil nor cautel doth besmerch
The virtue of his mind : But you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own :
For he himself is subject to his birth ;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The sanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and force
May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your Honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his Songs,
Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmastered importunity.

Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear Sister ;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest-Maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her Beauty to the Moon.

Virtue it self escapes not calumnious strokes ;

The Canker galls the infant of the Spring,

Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd :

And in the morn and liquid dew of Youth,

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then, best safety lies in fear ;

Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,

As Watchmen to my heart : But good my Brother,
Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heav'n ;
Whilst like a puffed and reckless Libertine,
Himself, the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his own read.

Laer. Oh, fear me not. [Enter Polonius.
I stay too long ; but here my Father comes :
A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes* ! aboard, aboard for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for there. My blessing with you ;
And these few precepts in thy memory,
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The Friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm, with entertainment
Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a Quarrel : But being in
Bear't that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.
Give every Man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure ; but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy Habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the Apparel oft proclaims the Man ;
And they in France of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both it self and Friend :
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all ; to thine own self be true :
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewel ; my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go, your Servants tend.]

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel

Exit Laer.

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Ham-

Pol. Marry, well bethought;

[*let.*

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your self
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so it is put on me,

And that in way of caution; I must tell you,
You do not understand your self so clearly,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.

What is between you, give me up the truth?

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green Girl,
Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think your self a Baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender your self more dearly;
Or not, to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n countenance to his speech, my
With almost all the holy vows of heaven. (*Lord.*

Pol. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I well know
When the blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Gives the tongue words & vows. These blazes, Daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,

You

You must not take for fire. From this time, Daughter,
 Be somewhat scantier of your Maiden presence;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Than at command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walk,
 Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
 Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers,
 Not of the dye which their investments shew,
 But meer Implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moments leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*:
 Look to't, I charge you: come your way.

Oph. I shall obey my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I I.

The Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hamlet.

The Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it has struck.

Hor. I heard it not: Then it draws near the season,
 Wherin the Spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike Musick within,*

What does this mean, my Lord? (*rosc.*)

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his
 Keeps wassel, and the swaggering upspring reels;
 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The

The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay marry is't:

But to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy headed revel, east and west
Makes us traduc'd, and taxed of other Nations:
They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition: and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of Nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since Nature cannot choose his origin)
By their o'er-growth of some complection,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit that too much o'er leavens
The form of plausible manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect,
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes star,
His virtues else be they as pure as grace;
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
I thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That,

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, Father, Royal *Dane*: Oh! Answer me;
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd Bones hearf'd in death,
 Have burst their cearments? why the Sepulcher
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
 That thou dead Coarse again in compleat steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the Moon,
 Making night hideous? and we Fools of Nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire,
 To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding Hamlet.*]

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pins fee;
 And for my Soul, what can it do to that?
 Being a thing immortal as it self.
 It waves me forth again—I'll follow it—

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my Lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the Sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,
 And draw you into madness? think of it.
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fadoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still: Go on, I'll follow thee—

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My Fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this bod',

As hardy as the *Nemean* Lion's nerve:

Still am I call'd? Unhand me, Gentlemen—

[*Breaking from them.*]

By Heav'n I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me—

I lay away—go on—I'll follow thee—

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after; to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark*.

Hor. Heav'n will detect it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas poor Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And for the day confin'd so fast in fires,

¶ Till

'Till the foul crimes done in my days of Nature,
 Are purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my Prison house,
 I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes like Stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand an end
 Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list! oh list!
 If thou dost ever thy dear Father love—

Ham. Oh Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
 As meditation, or the thoughts of Love
 May sweep to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That rots it self in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
 It's given out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
 A Serpent stung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*,
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
 The Serpent that did sting thy Father's life,
 Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my prophetick Soul; mine Uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, and traiterous gifts,
 (Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming virtuous Queen!
 Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose Love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Upon a Wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But Virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though Lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angel link'd,
Will fate it self in a celestial bed; and prey on garbage.
But soft, methinks I scent the morning's air—
Brief let me be; sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour, thy Uncle stole
With juice of cursed Hebenon in a viol,
And in the pores of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eagle droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: So did it mine
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brother's hand,
Of Life, of Crown, and Queen at once dispatch;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my Sin,
Unouzzled, disappointed, unanald;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible! Oh horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the Royal bed of Denmark, be
A couch for luxury, and damn'd incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy Soul contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once:

The Glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet!* remember me.

[*Exit.*]

Ham. Oh all you Host of Heaven! Oh Earth! what else?

And shall I couple Hell? Fie! hold my heart—

And you my sinews, grow not instant old;

But bear me stiffly up; Remember thee—

Ay, thou poor Ghost, while Memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe; Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my Memory,

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there;

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmixt with baser matter. Yes, by Heav'n.

Oh most pernicious Woman!

Oh Villain, Villain, smiling damned Villain!

My tables—meet it is I set it down,

That one may smile, & smile, & be a Villain; [*Writing.*]

At least I'm sure it may be so in *Denmark*.

So Uncle, there you are; now to my word;

It is; Adieu, Remember me. I have sworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heav'n secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?

Hor. What news, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No you'll reveal it.

Hor.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heav'n.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of Man once
But you'll be secret? — (think it?)

Both. Ay by Heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a Villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant Knave. [grave]

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are in the right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
You as your business and desires shall point you,
For every Man has business and desire,
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by *St Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this Vision here—
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you.
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may. And now, good Friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen tonight,

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my Sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear!

[*Ghost cries under the Stage.*]

Ham. Ah, ha Boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there
true?

truepenny? Come on, you hear this Fellow in the cellaridge. Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen;
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham *Hic & ubique*? Then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard;
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost. Swear. (so fast?)

Ham Well said, old Mole, can't work i'th' ground
A worthy Pioneer; once more remove, good Friends.

Hor. Oh day & night! But this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger bid it welcome.
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, never, so help you Mercy,
How strange or odd so e'er I bear my self,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on,
That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With arms encumbred thus, or thus, head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase;
As well—we know—or, we could, if we would—
Or, if we list to speak—or, there be, and if there might—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know ought of me; this not to do,
So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you, Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit; so, Gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a Man as *Hamlet* is,
May do't express his love and friending to you,
God willing shall not lack. Let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray.
The time is out of joint; Oh cursed spight,
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay, come, let's go together.

(*Exeunt.*)

A C T. I I.

S C E N E I.

An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Polonius.
Give him his Money, and thoe Notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynoldo.*
 Before you visit him, make you inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said;
 Very well said. Look you, Sir,
 Enquire me first what *Danishers* are in *Paris*;
 And how, and who; what means, and where they keep;
 What company, at what expence? And finding
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they do know my Son; come you more near:
 Then your particular demands will touch it.
 Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
 As thus—I know his Father and his Friends,
 And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo*?

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him—but you may say—not well;
 But if t be he I mean, he's very wild;
 Addicted so and so—and there put on him
 What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
 As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
 But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As are companionous noted and most known
To Youth and Liberty.

Rey. As Gaming, my Lord—

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing— You may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of Liberty;
The flash and out break of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good Lord—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that?

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant.
You laying these slight sullies on my Son,
As'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working,
Mark you your party in converse; he you would sound,
Having e'er seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of, guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good Sir, or so, or Friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phrase and the addition,
Of Man and Country.

Rey. Very good, my Lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, do's he this?
He do's—what was I about to say? By the Mass,
I was about to say something, where die I leave?—

Rey. At closes in this consequence:
At Friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Pol. At closes in this consequence—Ay marry,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or other day, or then,
Or then, with such and such, and as you say,

There

There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's Rowse,
 There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
 I saw him enter such a house of Sale,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth—See you now;
 Your bait of falsehood takes this Carp of truth.
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 With winlances, and with assays of byas,
 By indirection find directions out.
 So by my former lecture and advice
 Shall you my Son; you have me, have you not?

Rey. My Lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well,

Rey. Good my Lord—

Pol. Observe his inclination in your self.

Rey. I shall, my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his Musick.

Rey. Well, my Lord.

[*Exit Rey.*]

Pol. Farewel.

Enter Ophelia.

How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been so affrighted.

Pol. With what, in the name of Heav'n?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my chamber,
 Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
 Ungarter'd, and down gyved to his ancle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 And with a look so piteous in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of Hell,
 To speak of horrors; so he comes before me,

Pol. Mad for thy Love?

Oph. My Lord, I do not know:
 But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, & held me hard;
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And

And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long while staid he so;
 At last, a little shaking of my arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
 And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
 For out a doors he went without their help,
 And to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King;
 This is the very extasie of Love,
 Whose violent property foredoes it self,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any Passion under heaven,
 That do's afflict our natures. I am sorry;
 What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good Lord; but as you did command
 I did repell his letters, and deny'd
 His access to me

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
 I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle,
 And meant to wrack thee; but beshrew my jealousy;
 It seems it is as proper to our age,
 To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.
 This must be known, which being kept close, might move
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E I I.

The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrans, Guildenstern, Lords and other Attendants.

King. Welcome dear *Rosencrans* and *Guildenstern*:
 Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
 The need we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
 Of *Hamlet's* transformation; so I call it,
 Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward Man
 Resembles that it was. What it should be
 More than his Father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th' understanding of himself,
 I cannot deem of. I intreat you both,
 That being of so young days brought up with him,
 And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and haviour,
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court,
 Some little time; so by your companies,
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
 So much as from occasions you may glean,
 If ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen he hath much talk'd of you,
 And sure I am, two Men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To shew us so much gentry and good-will,
 As to expend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks,
 As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
 Might by the sovereign Power you have of us,

Put

Put your dread pleasures, more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, *Rosencrans*, & gentle *Guildenstern*.

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenstern*, & gentle *Rosencrans*;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Son. Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'n's make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The Ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the Father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my Soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King.
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy, so sure
As I have us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* Lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My News shall be the fruit to that great Feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Ex. Pol.*]

He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your Son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other, but the main,
His Father's death, and our o'er-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall fift him. Welcome, my good Friends.

Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephew's Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the *Polak*.
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness. Whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely born in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th' assay of Arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So levied as before, against the *Polak*.
With an intreaty herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your Dominions for his Enterprize:
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well:

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest, at-night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home.

[*Ex Ambas.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;

There-

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief, your noble Son is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true Madness,
What it is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Queen More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all;
That he his mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity, it is true, a foolish Figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say the cause of this defect:
For this effect defective, comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus — Perpend —
I have a Daughter; have, whilst she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this, now gather, and surmise.

He opens a Letter, and reads.

*To the Celestial, and my Soul's Idol, the most beautified
Ophelia*

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase:
but you shall hear — *These to her excellent white bosom,
these —*

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithful.
Doubt that the Stars are fire, [Reading,
Doubt, that the Sun doth move;
Doubt Truth to be a Liar,
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art
to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, oh most best,
believe it.

Adieu.

*Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this
machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in obedience hath my Daughter show'd me:
And more above, hath his sollicitings.

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. what do you think of me?

King. As of a Man, faithfull and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think?
When I had seen his hot love on the wing,
As I preceived it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love, with idle sight,
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young Mistrefs thus I did bespeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Sphere,
This must not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That she should lock her self from his resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, and thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the Madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here

Here in the Lobby.

Queen So he do's indeed

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his Reason falsn thereon,
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
But keep a Farm and Carters.

King We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But look where , sadly , the poor Wretch
comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt King and Queen.*

Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a-Mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well ; y'are a Fishmonger?

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a Man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir ; to be honest as this world goes, is to
be one pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog,
being a good kissing Carrion— Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th Sun ; Conception is a
blessing, but not as your Daughter may conceive. Friend,
look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ? Still harping on my Daugh-
ter — yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a Fish-
monger : he is far gone, far gone ; and truly in my
youth, I suffered much extremity for Love ; very near
this

this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: For the satirical Slave says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, or plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of Wit, together with weak hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down: For you your self, Sir, should be as old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's Method in't: Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that's out o'th' air: How pregnant, sometimes, his replies are? A happiness that often Madness hits on, which Reason and Sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my Daughter. My honourable Lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withal, except my life, my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old Fools.

Pol. You go to seek my Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Enter Rosencrans and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord!

Ros. My most dear Lord!

Ham. My excellent good Friends! How dost thou
**Guildenstern?* Oh, *Rosencrans*, good Lads! How do ye
both?

Ros.

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the Earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on Fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour?

Guild. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true; she is a Strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my Lord, but that the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Dooms-day near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good Friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guild. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worst.

Ros. We think not so, my Lord.

Ham. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: To me it is a Prison.

Ros. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'Tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count my self a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guild. Which dreams indeed are Ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious, is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A Dream it self is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a Shadow's Shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars Bodies, and our Monarchs

and out stretcht Heroes, the Beggars Shadows. Shall we to th' Court? For, by my fey, I cannot reason.

Beth. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my Servants: For, to speak to you like an honest Man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of Friendship; What make you at *Elfsnoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear Friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guild. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved Love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: If you love me, hold not off.

Gild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen, moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the Earth, seems to me a steril Promontory; this most excellent canopy the Air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging,

this

this Majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is Man! How noble in reason! How infinite in facultys! In form and moving how exprefs and admirable! In action, how like an Angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust? Man delights not me: no, nor Woman neither, tho' by your smiling you seem to say so.

Rof. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham Why did you laugh then; when I said, Man delights not me?

Rof. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from you: we accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight shall use his Foyle and Target; the Lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous Man shall end his part in peace; the Clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickl'd with sere; and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Rof. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Rof. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation?

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rof. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Rof. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an airy of Children, little Yases, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't: These are now the fashion, and so be-rattle the

the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children ? Who maintains 'em ? How are they escoted ? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing ? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most, if their means are no better) their Writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own Succession.

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides ; and the Nation holds it no Sin, to tarre them to controversy. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the Poet and the Player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible ?

Guild. Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away ?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange, for mine Uncle is King of *Denmark* : and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his Picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish for the Players*]

Guild There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsinoor* ; your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony : let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome ; but my Uncle Father and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guild. In what, my dear Lord ?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a Hawk from a Handsaw.

Enter

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham Hark you, *Guildestern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Ros Haply he's the second time come to them; for they say, an old Man is twice a Child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right, Sir; for on *Munday* morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham My Lord, I have news to tell you, When *Roscus* was an Actor in *Rome*—

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine Honour—

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass—

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral, Tragical-Historical, Tragical-Comical-Historical-Pastoral, Scene undividable, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Wit, and the liberty. These are the only Men.

Ham. O *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham Why one fair Daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot— and then you know

know, it came to pass, as most like it was; the first row of the Rubrick will shew you more. For look where my Abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y^e are welcom Masters, welcom all. I am glad to see thee well; welcome good Friends. Oh! my old Friend! Thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last: Com' it thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What my young Lady & Mistres? Berlady your Ladiship is nearer to Heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a choppine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcom: we'll e'en to't like *French* Faulconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neveracted, or if it was, not above once; for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million: 'twas *Caviary* to the general; but it was, as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters, cryed in the top of mine, an excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much modesty, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the Lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but call'd it an honest method; as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd, 'twas *Aeneas*' tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam*'s slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see — The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like the *Hyrcanian* beast. It is not so — it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose fable arms
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous Horse.

Hath

Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
 With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
 Now is he total geules; horridly trickt
 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
 Bak'd and impasted, with the parching streets,
 That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
 To these vile Murthers. Roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o'erfiz'd with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 Old Grandfire *Priam* seeks. *So proceed you.*

Pol. Fore-God, my Lord, well spoken, with good
 accent, and good discretion.

I Play. Anon he finds him,

Striking too short at *Greeks*. His antick Sword,
 Rebellious to his arm, lyes where it falls,
 Repugnant to command. Unequal match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide;
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
 Th'unnerved Father falls. Then senseless *Ilium*,
 Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
 Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus*' ear: For lo, his Sword,
 Which was declining on the milky head
 Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' air to stick.
 So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
 And like a neutral to his will and nature,
 Did nothing.

But as we often see against some Storm,
 A silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as Death: Anon the dreadful Thunder
 Doth rend the region. So after *Pyrrhus*' pause,
 A rowfed Vengeance sets him new a work;
 And never did the *Cyclops* hammers fall
 On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
 With less remorse than *Pyrrhus*' bleeding Sword
 Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune! All you Gods,

In

In general Synod take away her power ;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel ,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of Heav'n ,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard. Prithee
say on ; he's for a Jigg , or a tale of baudry , or he sleeps.
Say on ; come to *Hecuba*.

1 Play. But who, O who, had seen the Mobled Queen—

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good ; Mobled Queen , is good.

1 Play. Run bare-foot up and down , threatening the
With biffon rheum , a clout about that head , (Flame
Where late the Diadem stood , and for a Robe
About her lank and all o'er teamed loyns ,
A blanket in th'alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had seen , with tongue in venom steep'd ,
'Gainst Fortune's State would treason have pronounc'd.
But if the Gods themselves did see her then ,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport ,
In mincing with his Sword her Husband's limbs ;
The instant burst of clamour that she made ,
(Unless things mortal move them not all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of Heav'n ,
And Passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has now turn'd his colour , and
has tears in's eyes. Pray you , no more.

Ham. 'Tis well , I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.
Good my Lord , will you see the Players well bestow'd ?
Do ye hear , let them be well us'd , for they are the ab-
stracts , and brief Chronicles of the time. After your
death , you were better have a bad Epitaph , than their
ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord , I will use them according to their de-
sert.

Ham. Gods bodikins Man , much better. Use every
Man after his desert , and who shall scape whipping ?
Use them after your own honour , and dignity. The
less

less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sir. [Exit Polonius:

Ham. Follow him, Friends, we'll hear a Play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old Friend, can you play the Murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow-night. You could for a need study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good Friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elsinoor*.

Ros. Good, my Lord.

(*Exeunt.*)

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay so, good b'w'ye: now I am alone.
O what a Rogue and peasant Slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his Soul so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his Visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms, to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For *Hecuba*!

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the Stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy metled Rascal, peak

D

Like

Like *John-a-Dreames*, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
 Upon whose property, and most dear life,
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a Coward?
 Who calls me Villain, breaks my pate a-cross,
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,
 'Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lye i'th' throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha! Why should I take it? For it cannot be:
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or e're this,
 I should have fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy Villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless Villain!
 Oh Vengeance!

Why what an Ass am I? This is most brave,
 That I, the Son of a dear Father murdered,
 Prompted to my revenge by Heav'n and Hell,
 Must, like a Whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drab,
 A Scullion—Fye on't! Foh! About my brains!
 I have heard, that guilty creatures at a Play,
 Have by the very cunning of the Scene,
 Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
 For Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these Players,
 Play something like the Murder of my Father,
 Before mine Uncle. I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The Spirit that I have seen,
 May be the Devil: and the Devil hath power
 T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such Spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: the Play's the thing.
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

[Exit
 ACT



A C T. I I I.

S C E N E I.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrans, Guildenstern and Lords.

K I N G.

ANd can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guild. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him to try any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players,
We o'er took on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the Court:

And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on
To these delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*.

Her Father, and my self, lawful Espials,
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing, unseen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be th' affliction of his Love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:

And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet's* wildness. So shall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here. Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow our selves. Read on this Book,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself.

King. Oh 'tis too true!

How smart a lath that speech doth give my Conscience!
The Harlot's cheek beautied with plastring art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,

Than

Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen !

Pol. I hear him coming, let's withdraw, my Lord.

[*Exeunt all but Ophelia.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question :
Whether, 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them. To dye, to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart - akes, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep —
To sleep, perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub —
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There is the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poor Man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd Love, the Laws delay,
The insolence of Office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose born
No Traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of Resolution
Is sicklied o'er, with the pale cast of thought;
And Enterprizes of great pith and moment,

With this regard their currents turn away ,
 And lose the name of action. Soft you now , [*Seeing Oph.*]
 The fair *Ophelia*: Nymph, in thy Orisons
 Be all my Sins remembered.

Oph. Good my Lord,
 How does your Honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well—

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver.
 I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, no; I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,
 And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
 As made the things more rich: That perfume lost,
 Take these again, for to the noble Mind
 Rich gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind.
 There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! Are you honest?

Oph. My Lord—

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your Honesty
 should admit no discourse to your Beauty.

Oph. Could Beauty, my Lord, have better com-
 merce than with Honesty?

Ham. Ay truly, for the power of Beauty, will sooner
 transform Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, than the
 force of Honesty can translate Beauty into his likeness.
 This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it
 proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For Virtue
 cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it.
 I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why wouldst thou
 be a breeder of Sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,
 but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were
 better

better my Mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in being, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Heaven and Earth? We are arrant Knaves all, believe none of us— Go thy ways to a Nunnery— Where's your Father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the Doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heav'ns.

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny—Get thee to a Nunnery, Go—farewel—Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise Men know well enough, what Monsters you make of them—To a Nunnery go—and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. O heav'nly Powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make your self another: You jig, you amble, you lisp and nick-name God's Creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*]

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'er-thrown!
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholars, eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and Role of the fair State,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite quite down.
I am of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the hony of his musick Vows.
Now see that noble and most sovereign Reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with extatic. Oh woe is me!

T' have seen what I have seen ; see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love! His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like Madnes. There's something in his Soul,
O'er which his Melancholly sits on brood :
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger ; which how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*
For the demand of our neglected Tribute :
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brains still bearing, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected Love. How now, *Ophelia* ?
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queen Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his griefs ; let her be round with him :
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To *England* send him ; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
Madnes in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt*

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth
it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the Town-
Cryer

Cryer had spoke my lines Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O it offends me to the Soul, to see a robustous perriwig pated Fellow, tear a Passion to tatters, to very Rags, to split the Ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I could have such a Fellow whipt for o'er doing termagant; it out-Herods *Herod*. Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the word, the word to the Action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of Nature: for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature; to shew Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, tho' it make the Unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve, The censure of which one, must in your allowance, o'er-sway a whole Theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor *Norman*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journey men had made Men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reform it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too; though

though in the mean time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go make you ready. [Exit Players.]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrans, and Guildenstern.

How now, my Lord?

Will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. [Exit Polonius.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. [Exit.]

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho, Horatio?

Hor. Here, sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a Man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good Spirits
To feed and cloath thee. Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow feigning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her choice,
And could of Men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those;
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that Man;
That is not passion's Slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core: Ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a Play to-night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my Father's death,
 I prethee, when thou seest that Act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy Soul
 Observe mine Uncle, if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one Speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seen:
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As *Vulcan's* stythy. Give him heedful note,
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And after we will both our judgments join,
 To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord,
 If he steal ought the while this Play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrans,
 Guildenstern, and other Lords Attendants, with his
 Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound
 a Flourish.*

Ham. They are coming to the Play; I must be idle.
 Get you a place.

King. How fares my Cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent! faith, of the *Camelion's* dish, I eat
 the Air, promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these
 words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine, now, my Lord. You plaid
 once i'th' University, you say? [To *Polonius*.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good

Ham. And what did you enact? [To *Polonius*.

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol:
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a
 Calf

Calf there. Be the Players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that ?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap ?

[Lying down at *Ophelia's* feet.

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap ?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters ?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between a Maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who ! ?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God. your only jig-maker ; what should a Man do, but be merry : For look you how chearfully my Mother looks, and my Father dy'd within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long : Nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of Sables. Oh Heav'ns ! Dye two Months ago, and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope, a great Man's Memory may out-live his Life half a year : But by'r Lady he must build Churches then ; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse ; whose Epitaph is, for o, for o', the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Hautboys play.

The dumb Shew enters.

Enter

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels; and makes shew of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a bank of Flowers. She seeing him asleep; leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away, The Poisoner woes the Queen with gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his Love.

[Excunt.]

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is miching malicho, that means mischief.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellows: The Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew 'em.

Be not you aham'd to shew, they'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency;
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Posie of a ring;

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Woman's love.

Enter

Enter King and Queen, Players.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus* Car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd ground :
 And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen ,
 About the World have twelve times thirty been ,
 Since Love our hearts , and *Hymen* did our hands
 Unite commutual , in most sacred bands.

Queen. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
 Make us again count o'er , e'er love be done.
 But woe is me, you are so sick of late ,
 So far from cheer , and from your former state ,
 That I distrust you : yet though I distrust ,
 Discomfort you , my Lord , it nothing must ;
 For Womens fear and love , hold quantity ,
 In neither ought , or in extremity ;
 Now what my love is , proof hath made you know ,
 And as my love is great , my fear is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee , Love , and shortly too ;
 My operant powers their functions leave to do :
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind ,
 Honour'd , belov'd ; and haply one as kind
 For Husband shalt thou —

Queen. Oh confound the rest !
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
 In second Husband let me be accurst ;
 None wed the second , but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood , Wormwood.

Queen. The instances that second Marriage move ,
 Are base respects of thrift , but none of love.
 A second time , I kill my Husband dead ,
 When second Husband kisses me in bed.

King. I do believe you think what now you speak ,
 But what we do determine , oft we break.
 Purpose is but the Slave to memory ,
 Of violent birth , but poor validity :
 Which now like fruits unripe stick on the tree ,

But

But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Unnecessary 'tis that we forget
 To pay our selves, what to our selves is debt.
 What to our selves, in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy,
 Their own enactors with themselves destroy:
 Where Joy most revels, Grief doth most lament;
 Grief joys, Joy grieves on slender accident.
 This World is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 If Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
 The great man down, you mark his Favourite flies,
 The poor advanc'd makes Friends of Enemies:
 And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lack a Friend:
 And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his Enemy.
 But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 So think thou wilt no second Husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Queen. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night;
 To desperation turn my trust & hope,
 And Anchors cheer in prison be my scope;
 Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy:
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If once a Widow, e'er I be Wife.

Ham. If she should break it now?

King. 'Tis deeply sworn; sweet, leave me here a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. *(Sleeps.)*

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,

And

And never come mischance between us twain. (Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?

Queen. The Lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence i'th' World.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap; Marry how? Tropically. This Play is the image of a Murder done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his Wife *Baptista*; you shall see anon, 'tis a Knavish piece of work; but what o' that? Your Majesty, and we have free Souls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

(Enter *Lucianus*.)

This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Oph. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love, if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still worse and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands. (begin. Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable faces, and Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time Confederate season, and no creature seeing; (agreeing; Thou mixture rank, of midnight-weeds collected, With *Hecate's* bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy natural magick, and dire property, On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the Poison in his ears.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' garden for's Estate; his Name's *Gonzago*; the Story is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You shall see anon how the Murderer gets the love of *Gonzago's* Wife.

Oph.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire?

Queen How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. (Exeunt.)

Manet Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest
of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me, with two Provincial
Roses on my raz'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a cry
of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know, oh *Damon* dear,
This Realm dismantled was
Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here
A very, very, Pajock.—

Hor. You might have rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghosts word for
a thousand Pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosencrans and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! Come some Musick. Come the Re-
corders.
For if the King like not the Comedy;
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some Musick.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

E

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guild. The King, Sir—

Ham. Ay Sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd—

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guild. No, my Lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more rich to signifie this to his Doctor; for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guild. Good my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queen your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your Mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my Wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command; or rather as you say, my Mother—therefore no more but to the matter—my Mother, you say—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful Son, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequel at the heels of this Mother-admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her Closet e're you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper?

per? You do freely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your Succession in *Denmark*?

Ham. Ay, but while the grass grows, the Proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorders, let me set one. To withdraw with you—why, do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guild. O my Lord, if my duty be too Bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying; govern these ventiges with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musick.

Look you, these are the stops

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there is much Musick, excellent voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am easier to be plaid on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will; though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bless you, Sir.

E 2

Enter

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that cloud, that's almost in shape like a Camel?

Pol. By th' Mass, and it's like a Camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wezel.

Pol. It is back'd like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so,

(Exit.)

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends:

[Exeunt.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it self breaths out
Contagion to this World. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business, as the Day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my Mother—
Oh Heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The Soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words some ever she be shent,
To give them seals, never my Soul consent. *[Exit.]*

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your Commission will forth with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazard

Hazard so near us. as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many bodies safe, that live
And feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep it self from noyance; but much more,
That Spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it, with it. It is a massy wheel
Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spoaks, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boistrous ruin. Never alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this Fear,
Which now goes too free footed.

Both. We will haste us.

(*Exeunt Gent.*)

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mother's closet;
Behind the Arras I'll convey my self
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more Audience than a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege,
I'll call upon you e're you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

(*Exit.*)

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
Oh my Offence is rank, it smells to Heav'n;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't;

A Brother's Murther. Pray I cannot,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will:
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
 And like a Man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than it self with Brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heav'n's
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves Mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be fore-stalled e're we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up.
 My Fault is past: But oh, what form of Prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul Murther.
 That cannot be, since I am still posselt
 Of those effects for which I did the Murther,
 My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th'offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offences gilded hand may shove by Justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
 Buys out the Law: but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling, there the action lyes
 In its true nature, and we our selves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and fore-head of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
 Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! Oh bosom, black as death!
 Oh limed Soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more ingag'd! Help Angels, make assay:
 Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born Babe,
 All may be well.

(The King kneels.)

Enter

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't—and so he goes to Heav'n:
And so am I reveng'd: that would be scann'd—
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his sole Son, do this same Villain send
To Heav'n—O this is hire and fallery, not revenge.
He took my Father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May,
And how his audit stands, who knows, save Heav'n?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time;
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heav'n,
And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stays,
This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words, without thoughts, never to Heaven go. [*Exit.*

S C E N E I I.

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen, and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight; look you lay home to him
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with

And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here;
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. Within. Mother, Mother, Mother.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides himself behind the Arras.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, Mother, what's the matter?

Queen. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why how now, *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the Rood, not so;

You are the Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife;
And, would it were not so, you are my Mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not
You go not 'till I set you up a glass, [budge:]
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho.

Pol. What, ho, help, help, help. *(Behind the Arras.)*

Ham. How now, a Rat? Dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slain. (Kills Polonius.)

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not; is it the King?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen. As kill a King?

Ham. Ay Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding Fool, farewell:
I took thee for thy betters, take thy fortune;

Thou

Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
 Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
 If it be made of penetrable stuff:
 If damned Custom have not braz'd it so,
 That it is proof and bulwark against sense. [tongue.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
 In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair fore-head of an innocent love,
 And makes a blister there; makes Marriage vows
 As false as Dicers Oaths. O such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very Soul; and sweet Religion makes
 A rhapsody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this.
 The counterfeit presentment of two Brothers:
 See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of *Jove* himself,
 An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command,
 A station like the Herald *Mercury*
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every God did seem to set his Seal,
 To give the world assurance of a Man.
 This was your Husband. Look you now what follows.
 Here is your Husband, like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome Brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this Moore? Ha! Have you eyes?
 You cannot call it Love; for at your age.

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
 Else could you not have motion, but sure that Sense
 Is aploplext, for madness would not err,
 Nor Sense to extasie was ne're so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference. What Devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 Eyes without feeling; feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands, or eyes, smelling fans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true Sense
 Could not so mope.

O Shame! Where is thy blush? Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mutiny in a Matron's bones,
 To flaming youth, let Virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
 Since frost it self as actively doth burn,
 As Reason panders Will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very Soul,
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
 Stew'd in corruption; honying and making love
 Over the nasty sty.

Queen. Oh speak to me no more;
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain!
 A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
 A Cut-purse of the Empire and the Rule,
 That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket.

Queen. Oh no more.

Enter

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches—
Save me! And hover o'er me with your wings [*Starting up.*
You Heavenly Guards! What would you, gracious Figure?

Queen. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting Soul,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal Air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping Soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand an end. O gentle Son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Wheron do you look?

Ham. On him! On him! —look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this pitious action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? *Pointing to the Ghost.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see,

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham.

Ham. Why look you there! Look how it steals away!
My Father in his habit, as he lived. *(Exit Ghost.)*
Look where he goes even now out at the Portal.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation, ecstasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasie!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. It is not madness
That I have uttered; bring me to the test
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not a flattering unction to your Soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess your self to Heav'n,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my Virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursie times,
Virtue it self, of Vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb, and woe, for leave to do him good.

Queen. Oh! *Hamlet!* Thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night; but go not to mine Uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That Monster Custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, is Angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good,
He likewise gives a frock or Livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For use can almost change the stamp of Nature
And master the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;
And when you are desirous to be blest,

I'll blessing beg of you. For this same Lord,
[Pointing to Pol,

I do repent: but Heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me;
That I must be their scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well,
The death I gave him; so again, good-night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do,
Let the blunt King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse;
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the Birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep.
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Queen. Alack I had forgot; 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's Letters seal'd, and my two School-
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd, [fellows,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work,
For 'tis the sport to have the Engineer
Hoist with his own petar; and't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their Mines,

And

And blow them to the Moon. O'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man will set me packing;

I'll lug the Guts into the neighbour room;

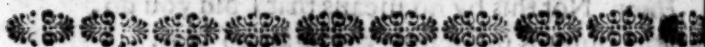
Mother, good-night. Indeed this Counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in 's life a foolish prating Knave.

Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good-night, Mother. [*Exeunt, Hamlet tugging in Polonius*]



A C T. I V.

S C E N E I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King, and Queen.

K I N G

THere's matters in these sighs, these profound heave
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your Son?

Queen. Ah, my good Lord; what have I seen to-night

King. What, *Gertrude*? How does *Hamlet*?

Queen. Mad as the Sea, and Winds, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit
Behind the Arras, hearing something stir,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old Man.

King. Oh heavy deed!

It had been to with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all,

To

To you your self, to us, to every one.
 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
 This mad young Man. But so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit,
 But like the owner of a foul disease,
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
 O'er whom his very Madness, like some ore
 Among a mineral of metals base,
 Shews it self pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
 The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch,
 But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed,
 We must, with all our Majesty and skill,
 Both countenance, and excuse. Ho! *Guildestern*!

Enter Rosencrans and Guildestern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid,
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
 And from his Mother's Closet hath he dragg'd him.
 Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
 Into the Chappel. I pray you haste in this.

(*Ex. Ros. and Guild.*)
 Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest Friends,
 To let them know both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
 My Soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*! Lord *Hamlet*!

Ham. What noise? Who calls on *Hamlet*?

Oh here they come.

Enter

Enter Rosencrans and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine
own. Besides, to be demanded of a Sponge, what re-
plication should be made by the Son of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that sokes up the King's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities; but such Officers do the
King best service in the end; he keeps them, as an Apple
does an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to
be last swallowed; when he needs what you have glean'd,
it is but squeezing you, and Sponge you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord. [foolish ear.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is,
and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King, is a thing —

Guild. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Or nothing? bring me to him, hide Fox, and
all after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous it is that this Man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong Law upon him;
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th' Offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offense. To bear all smooth, and even.

This

This sudden sending him away, must seem
 Deliberate pause: Diseases desperate grown,
 By desperate appliance are relieved,
 Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my Lord,
 We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, *Guildenstern*! bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenstern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain Convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your Worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all Creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for Maggots. Your fat King and your lean Beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas Alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, & eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progress through the guts of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In Heav'n, send thither to see. If your Messenger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place yourself: But indeed, if you find him not within this Month, you shall note him as you go up the stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

F

Ham.

Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.

King. *Hamlet*, this deed of thine, for thine especial
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve (safety
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness; therefore prepare thy self,
The Bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. Ay *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them; but come,
For *England*. Farewel, dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and
Wife; Man and Wife is one flesh, and so my Mother.
Come, for *England*. (Exit.

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night. (aboard:
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.
And *England*, if my love thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Danish* Sword: and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'st not coldly set
Our Sovereign process, which imports at full,
By Letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it *England*,
For like the hestick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my hopes, my joys were ne'er begun.

S C E N E I I.

*A Camp.**Enter Fortinbras with an Army.*

For. Go, Captain, from me greet the *Danish* King,
 Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
 Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Over his Kingdom. You know the Rendevouz;
 If that his Majesty would ought with us,
 We shall exprefs our duty in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Caps. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go softly on.

(Exit Fortinbras)

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose Powers are these?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How propos'd, Sir. I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,
 Or for some Frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground
 That hath in it no profit, but the Name
 To pay five Duckats; five I would not farm it,
 Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

Capt. Nay, 'tis already garrison'd. *(Duckats*

Ham. Two thousand Souls, and twenty thousand

Will not debate the question of this straw ;
 This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
 Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Ros. Wil't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge? What is a Man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? A Beast, no more.
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and God-like Reason
 To rust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
 (A thought, which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom;
 And ever three parts coward) I do not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
 To do't. Examples gross as Earth exhort me;
 Witness this Army of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose Spirit with divine Ambition puff
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that Fortune, Death, and Danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When Honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a Father kill'd, a Mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while to my shame I see,

The

The imminent death of twenty thousand Men,
 That for a fantasie and trick of Fame
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain in? O from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

S C E N E III.

A Palace.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and Attendants.

Queen I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate,

Indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; says she hears
 There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and bears her heart,
 Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense: Her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think there would be thoughts
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoke with, for she may
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds. (strow
 Let her come in,

To my sick Soul, as Sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills it self, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true Love know, from another
one? [Singing.

By his cockle hat and staff, and by his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady; what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark.

*He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.*

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia.—

Oph. Pray you mark.

White his Shroud as the mountain snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the grave did not go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owl was a
Baker's Daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let us have no words of this; but when
they ask you what it means, say you this:

To morrow is St. Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,

And I a Maid at your window, to be your Valentine.

*Then up he rose, and don'd his cloths, and dupt the chamber
Let in a Maid, that out a Maid never departed more. (door;*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity;

Alack, and fie for shame,

Young

Young Men will do't, if they come to't,

By Cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed.

So would I ha' done, by yonder Sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i'th' cold ground: my Brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my Coach; goodnight, Ladies; goodnight, sweet Ladies; goodnight, goodnight. (Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch; I pray This is the poison of deep grief, it springs (you; All from her Father's death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude* When Sorrows come, they come not single Spies, But in Battalions. First, her Father slain, Next your Son gone, and he most violent Author Of his own just remove; the People muddied, Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers, For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly, In hugging mugger to inter him. Poor *Ophelia* Divided from her self, and her fair judgment; Without the which we are Pictures, or mere beasts. Last, and as much containing as all these, Her Brother is in secret come from France, Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not Buzzes to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his Father's death; Where in necessity of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our Person to arraign In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this, Like to a murdering piece in many places, Gives me superfluous death. (A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this? (door.

King. Where are my *Switzers*? Let them guard the
What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my Lord,
The Ocean, over-peering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous Herd,
O'er-bears your Officers; the Rabble call him Lord:
And as the World were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, chuse we *Laertes* for our King.
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds;
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Queen. How chearfully on the false trail they cry;
Oh this is counter, you false *Danish* Dogs. (Noise within.

Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is the King? Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you; keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my Father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*. (Bastard:

Laer. That drop of blood that calms, proclaims me
Crys Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmitted brows
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our person:
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,

That

That Treason can but peep to what it would,
 Acts little of his will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
 Why art thou thus incens'd; Let him go, *Gertrude*:
 Speak Man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with.
 To Hell Allegiance; Vows to the blackest Devil;
 Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit;
 I dare damnation; to this point I stand,
 That both the worlds I give to negligence,
 Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
 Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the World;
 And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
 They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*,
 If you desire to know the certainty
 Of your dear Father's death, if 'tis not writ
 In your revenge, that soap-stake you will draw
 Both Friend and Foe, Winner and Loser, all.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you then know them?

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
 And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
 Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speak
 Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
 That I am guiltless of your Father's death,
 And am most sensible in grief for it,
 It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
 As day does to your eye.

[*A Noise within.*

How now? what noise is that? Let her come in.

Enter

Enter Ophelia, fantastically drest with Straws and Flowers.

Laer. O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye.
By Heav'n thy madness shall be paid by weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O Rose of May,
Dear Maid, kind Sister, sweet *Ophelia*!
O Heav'ns, is't possible, a young Maid's wits,
Should be as mortal as an old Man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beer.*
Hey non noney, noney, key noney:
And on his Grave rains many a tear,
Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade Revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *a down a down and you call him a*
down a. O how the wheels become it? It is the false
Steward that stole his Master's Daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray
Love remember; and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines; there's
Rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it
Herb-grace a *Sundays*: O you must wear your Rue with
a difference. There's a Daisie, I would give you some
Violets, but they withered all when my Father dyed:
They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, Hell it self,
She

She turns to favour, and to prettinefs.

Oph. *And will he not come again ?*

And will he not come again ?

No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his pole :

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

Gramercy on his Soul.

And of all Christian Souls : I pray God.

God b'w'ye.

[*Exit Ophelia.*

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods ?

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right : Go but a-part,

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,

Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,

To you in satisfaction. But if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labour with your Soul,

To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so :

His means of death, his obscure burial ;

No Trophy, Sword, nor Hatchment o'er his bones,

No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heav'n to Earth ;

That I must call in question.

King. So you shall :

And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.

I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me ?

Ser.

Ser. Sailors, Sir, they say they have Letters for you,

Hor. Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's a Letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' Ambassador that was bound for *England*; if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these Fellows some means to the King: They have Letters for him. E're we were two days old at Sea, a Pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our Ship, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me, like Thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly Death. I have words to speak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrans and Guildenstern hold their course for *England*. Of them I have as much to tell thee. Farewel.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. (*Exeunt*)

Enter

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your Conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart, for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble Father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen, his Mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for my self,
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That as the Star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows
Too slightly trimberd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble Father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on the mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.

I lov'd your Father, and we love our self,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter Messenger.

How now? What news?

Mes. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet*. This to your Majesty: This to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my Lord, they say, I saw them not: They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them:
Leave us.

(Exit Messenger.)

High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdom. To morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly eyes. When I shall, first asking you pardon thereunto, recount th'occasions of my sudden, and more strange return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* character. Naked! and in a Postscript here he says alone! Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord; but let him come, It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*, as how should it be so?—
How otherwise?—will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'er-rule me to a Peace.

King. To thine own peace: If he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer.

Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the instrument.

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine. Your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for Youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled Age his fables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've seen my self, and serv'd against the *French*,
And they ran well on horse-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew into his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As he had been encorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave Beast; so far he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Came short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamound*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the broach indeed,
And gem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defense;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you.
The Fencers of their Nation

He swore had neither motion guard nor eye
 If you oppos'd them This report of his
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do but wish and beg,
 Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
 Now out of this —

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
 But that I know love is begun by time;
 And that I see in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
 There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
 And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 For goodness growing to a pleurisie,
 Dies in his own too much. That we would do,
 We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents:
 And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift-sigh,
 That hurts by easing. But to the quick of th' ulcer,
Hamlet come back, what would you undertake,
 To shew your self your Father's Son indeed,
 More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' Church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarise;
 Revenge should have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
 Will you do this? keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
 And wager on your heads. He being remiss,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will

Will not peruse the Foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A Sword unbaited, and in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't;

And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,

Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look'd through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd, therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft—let me see—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,
I have 't—When in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drink, 'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. How now, sweet Queen?

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: Your Sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow grows aslant a brook,
That shews his hoary leaves i'th glassie stream:
Near which fantastick Garlands she make did,
Of crows-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples

That liberal Shepherds give a grosser name to,
 But our cold Maids do dead Men's fingers call them :
 There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
 Clambring to hang, an evious sliker broke ;
 When down the weedy trophies, and her self,
 Fell in the weeping Brook ; her cloaths spread wide,
 And Mermaid-like, a while they bear her up,
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a Creature native, and inur'd
 Unto that element : But long it could not be,
 'Till that her garments heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor Wretch from her melodious lay,
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears : But yet
 It is our trick, Nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
 The Woman will be out : Adieu, my Lord,
 I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly drowns it.

[Exit

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude* :
 How much I had to do to calm his rage ;
 Now fear I this will give it start again,
 Therefore let's follow.

(*Exeunt.*

A C T,

A C T. V.

S C E N E I. *A Church.*

Enter two Clowns, with Spades and Mattocks.

1 *Clown.* **I**S she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own Salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is, and therefore make her grave straight; the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned her self in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else; for here lyes the point; if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; It is to act, to do, and to perform: Argal shedrown'd her self wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you Goodman Delver.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lyes the water, good: here stands the Man, good: If the Man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: But if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay marry is't, Crowner's quest law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried one of Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pity that great Folk should have countenance in this world to drown

drown or hang themselves, more than other Christians. Come, my spade. There is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardiners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adam's* profession.

2 *Clown*. Was he a Gentleman?

1 *Clown*. He was the first that ever bore Arms.

2 *Clown*. Why, he had none.

1 *Clown*. What, art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says, *Adam* digg'd could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self—

2 *Clown*. Go to.

1 *Clown*. What is he that builds stronger than either the Masson, the Ship-wright, or the Carpenter?

2 *Clown*. The Gallows-maker, for that Frame out-lives a thousand Tenants.

1 *Clown*. I like thy wit well in good faith: the Gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church; Argal, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, Come.

2 *Clown*. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Ship-wright or a Carpenter?—

1 *Clown*. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown*. Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown*. To't.

2 *Clown*. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.

1 *Clown*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull As will not mend his pace with beating. And when you are ask'd this question next, say a Grave-maker: the Houses that he makes, last 'till Doom's-day: go, get thee to *Jaughan*, fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit 2 Clown.*]

He digs and Sings.

*In Youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract O the time for A my behove,
O methought there was nothing A meet.*

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling of his business,
that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easi-
ness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment
hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

*But Age with his stealing steps,
Hath caught me in his clutch:
An I hath shipped me intill the land.
As if I had never been such.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
once: how the Knave jowles it to the ground, as if it
were *Cain's* jaw-bone, that did the first murder: This
might be the pate of a Politician, which this *As* now
o'er reaches; one that could circumvent God; might it
not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good-mor-
row, sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? This
might be my Lord such a one, that prate'd my Lord
such a ones Horse, when he meant to beg him; might
it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now 'tis my Lady *Warm's*,
chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a Sexton's
spade. Here's a fine revolution, an we had the trick to
see't.

see't Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggers with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A Pick-axe and a Spade, a Spade,
For and a shrowding sheet;
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
For such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why does he suffer this rude Knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of battery? *Ham.* This Fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine dirt? Will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? The very conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Box; and must the Inheritor himself have no more! ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep skins?

Hor. Ay my Lord, and of Calve-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this Fellow: Whose Grave's this, Sir?

Clown. Mine, Sir—

*O a pit of clay for to be made,
For such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, & say 'tis thine, 'tis for the dead, & not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clow. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What Man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no Man, Sir,

Ham. What Woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a Woman, Sir; but rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? we must speak by the card, or equivocation will follow us. By the Lord, *Horatio*, these three years I have taken note of it, the Age is grown so picked, and the toe of the Peasant comes to near the heel of our Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* oe'rcame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was born: he that is mad, and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clown. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the Men are all as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. Faith e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in *Denmark*, where I have been Sexton, Man and Boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a Man lie i'th' earth e're he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he dye, (as

we

we have many pocky coarſes now adays, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year. A Tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while: And your water is a fore decayer of your whoreſon dead body. Here's a Scull now: this Scull has lain you in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whoreſon mad Fellow's it was;
Whoſe do you think it was!

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A Peſtilence on him for a mad Rogue; a pour'd a Flagon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, this ſame ſcull, was *Yorick's* ſcull, the

Ham. This?

[*King's* Jeſter.

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Let me ſee. Alas poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a Fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath born me on his back a thouſand times: And how abhorred my imagination is now, my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe Lips that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? Your Gambals? Your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a roar? No one now to mock your own jeering? quite chop fall'n? Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think *Alexander* look'd o'this faſhion

Hor. E'en ſo, (i'th' earth?

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh! (*Smelling to the ſcull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return. *Horatio*: Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till we find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor.

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus;

Alexander died; *Alexander* was buried; *Alexander* returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make lome and why of that lome whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Oh, that that Earth, which kept the World in awe,

Should patch a wall, t'expel the Winter's flaw.

But soft! but soft! aside—here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords Priests, and Attendants.

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is 't that they follow,
And with such maimed Rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo it's own life; 'twas of some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble Youth: Mark—

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd,
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er sways the order,
She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd,
'Till the last Trumpet. For charitable Prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A ministring Angel shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, fare well;
I hop'd thou woul'dst have been my *Hamlet's* Wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet Maid,
And not 'h've strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O terrible Wooer!
Fall ten times treble woes on that curs'd head,
Whose wicked deed, thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms:
[*Laertes leaps in to the Grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefs
Bear such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering Stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers! This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Hamlet leaps into the Grave.*]

Lear. The Devil take thy Soul. [*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well:
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat—
Sir, though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy hand.

King. pluck them asunder—

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet—*

Hor. Good my Lord be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them.*]
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this Theme,
Until my eye lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my Son! what Theme?

Ham.

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand Brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King Oh he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't tear thy self?
Woo't drink up *Esile*, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't. Do'st thou come hither but to whine;
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her; and so will I:
And if thou prate of Mountains, let them throw
Millions of Acres on us; 'till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden Cuplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you Sir—

What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter—
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech

[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good *Geertrude* set some watch over your Son.
This Grave shall have a living Monument.
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E I. I. *A Hall.**Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. So much for this, Sir; now let us see the other; You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting, That would not let me sleep; methought I lay Worse than the mutineers in the Bilboes; rashly, (And prais'd be rashness for it) let us know Our Indiscretion sometimes serves us well, When our deep Plots do pall; and that should teach us, There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabin, My Sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark, Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire, Finger'd their Packet, and in fine withdrew To mine own room again; making so bold, My fears forgetting manners, to unseal Their grand Commission; where I found, *Horatio,* Oh Royal knavery! an exact command, Larded with many several sorts of reasons, Importing *Denmark's* health, and *England's* too, With hoo, such bugges and goblins in my life, That on the supervize, no leisure bated, No not to stay the grinding of the Axe, My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round about with Villains, E're I could make a prologue to my brains,

They

They had begun the Play. I sate me down,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it as our Statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much,
How to forget that learning. But, Sir, now
It did me Yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful Tributary,
As love between them, as the Palm should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such like *As's* of great charge,
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
No shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why even in that was Heaven ordinate;
I had my Father's Signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that *Danish* Seal:
I folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrans*, go to't. [ment;

Ham. Why Man, they did make love to this employ-
They are not near my Conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,

H

Thrown

110 *HAMLET*, Prince of

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage! is't not perfect conscience;
To quit him with his arm? And is't not to be damn'd,
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short.
The *Interim*'s mine, and a Man's life's no more
Than to say one. But I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my self;
For by the image of my cause I see
The pourtraiture of his. I'll court his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering Passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this water?

Hor. No, my good Lord (fly?

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice
to know him: he hath much land, and fertile: let a
Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his crib shall stand at the
King's Messe; 'tis a Chough; but as I say, spacious in
the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leisure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put
your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot. (northerly.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry, and hot for my Com-
plexion.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as
'twere, I cannot tell how. But, my Lord, his Majes-
ty

ty bid me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter—

Ham I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay good my Lord, for my ease. Sir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*; believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall find in him the substance of what part a Gentleman would see.

Nam. Sir, his definement suffers no loss in you; though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizzy th'arithmetick of memory, and yet but saw neither in respect of his quick sail; but in the verity of extolment I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy Sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our rawer breath?

Ofr. Sir.

Hora. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue, you will do't Sir really. [man?

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentle-

Ofr. Of *Laertes*? (are spent.

Ham. His purse is empty already, all's golden words

Hbr. Of him Sir.

Ofr. I know you are not ignorant.—

Ham. I would you did Sir, yet if you did, it would not much approve me: well Sir.

Ofr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean Sir for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his Weapons; but well?

Ofr. The King, Sir, has wager'd with him six *Barbary* Horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, six *French* Rapiers and Poinards, with their assigns, as Girdle, Hangers, or so: Three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margin e're you had done.

Ofr. The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers 'till then: but on; six *Barbary* Horses, against six *French* Swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the *French*; but against the *Danish*, why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits. He hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I mean, my Lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship. (*Exit.*)

Ham. Yours, yours: he does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn. (*head*)

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his

Ham.

Ham. He did so with his dug before he suck'd it: thus has he and nine more of the same Beavy that I know the droffie Age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed Opinions: and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ofrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose this Wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a special Providence in the fall of a Sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readinesse is all; since no Man has ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

H ;

Enter

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants, with Foils, and Gantlets, a Table and Flagon of Wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong;

[*To Laert.*

But pardon't, as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard
How I am punished with sore distraction.

What I have done

That might your nature, honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself, do's wrong Laertes;

Then Hamlet do's it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His Madness. It's be so,

Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,

His madness is poor Hamlet's Enemy.

Sir, in this Audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my Brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge. But in my terms of honour

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,

'Till by some elder Masters of known honour,

I have a voice, and president of peace

To keep my Name ungorg'd. But 'till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,

And will this Brother's Wager frankly play.

Give us the Foils: Come on,

Laer.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil *Laertes*; in mine ignorance,
Your skill shall like a Star i'th' brightest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the Foils, young *Ofrick*.
Cousin *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well;
These Foils have all a length?

[*Prepare to play.*]

Ofr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the stopes of Wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of a third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath;
And in the Cup an Union shall he throw,
Richer than that, which four succe^{ss}ve Kings
In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speak,
The Trumpets to the Canoneer without,
The Canons to the Heav'ns, the Heav'n to Earth,
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir,

Laer. Come on, Sir.

(*They play.*)

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well—again—

King. Stay, give me drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is thine.

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

(*Trumpets sound, Shot goes off.*)

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come—another hit—what say you? (*They play again.*)

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here's a napkin, rub thy brows,

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good Madam—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. (*Aside.*)

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience (*Aside.*)

Ham. Come, for the third. *Laertes*, you but dally,
I pray you pass with your best violence,
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

(*Play.*)

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

(*Laertes wounds Hamlet, then in scuffling they change Rap-
piers, and Ham wounds Laer.*)

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again—

Ofr. Look to the Queen there; ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my Lord?

Ofr. How is't *Laertes*!

Laer. Why, as a Woodcock in my own sprindge, *Ofrick*,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink—

Oh my dear *Hamlet*, Oh the drink, the drink,—

I am poison'd—

(*Queen dies.*)

Ham.

Ham. Oh Villany ! How ? Let the door be lock'd :
Treachery ! seek it out —

Laer. It is here ; *Hamlet.* *Hamlet*, thou art slain,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life ;
The treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd : the foul practice
Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to rise again ; thy Mother's poison'd.
I can no more — the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venom do thy work. (*Stabs the King.*)

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me, Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this Potion : Is thy Union here ?
Follow my Mother. (*King dies,*)

Laer. He is justly serv'd.
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet* ;
Mine and my Father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dies.*

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it, I follow thee,
I am dead, *Horatio* ; wretched Queen, adieu.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience at this Act,
Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant Death,
Is strict in his Arrest) oh I could tell you,
But let it be — *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my cause a right
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane* ;
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a Man,
Give me the cup, let go, by Heav'n I'll hav't.
Oh, good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh World draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story.
 What warlike noise is this?

[*March afar off, and shout within.*

Enter Osrick.

Osfr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conquest come from *Poland*;

Toth' Ambassadors of *England* gives this warlike Volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio*:

The potent poison quite o'er-grows my Spirit,
 I cannot live to hear the News from *England*.

But I do prophesie th' Election lights

On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voice,

So tell him with the occurrents more or less,

Which have solicited. — The rest is silence, O, O, O.

[*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble Heart; good-night, sweet
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest. (Prince)
 Why do's the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador; with Drum, Colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is the fight?

Hor. What is it you would see?

It ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc Oh proud Death!
 What Feast is toward in thine infernal cell,
 That thou so many Princes at a shot,
 So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The fight is dismal,
 And our affairs from *England* cometo late,
 The Ears are senseless that should give us hearing;
 To tell him his Commandment is fulfill'd,

That

That *Rosencrans* and *Guildenstern* are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave command'ment for their Death.
But since to jump upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack Wars*, and you from *England*
Are here arriv'd; give order that these Bodies
High on a Stage be plac'd to publick view;
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing World,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of Deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause.
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Nobles to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles Mens minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

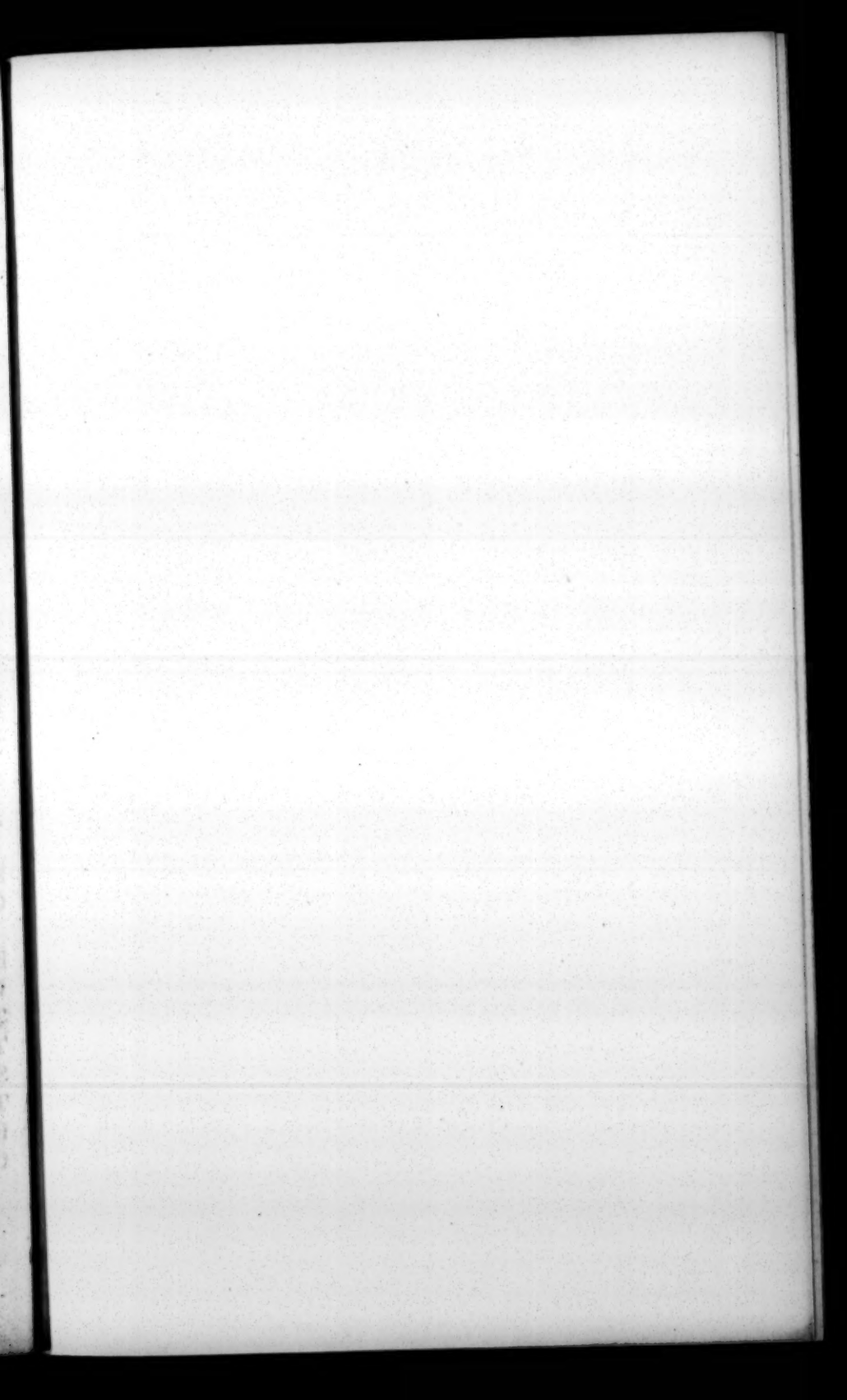
Fort. Let four Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a Soldier off the Stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and for his passage,
The Soldiers Musick, and the rites of War
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the body: such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the Soldiers shoot.

(*Exeunt marching, after which, a Peal of Ordnance are
shot off.*)

F I N I S.



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Ashley 1834

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